The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter

VOLUME 46..... NO. 16,261.

NEEDED MORAL LESSONS.

According to the testimony of Joseph Boyer, chief clerk in the office of the Superintendent of Motive Power of the Pennsylvania Railroad, he received 235 shares of stock and $46,000 in money from coal companies which had relations with his road.

He saw no harm in accepting these favors. The money came to him "without solicitation or any effort on his part." He believed he was "only following the custom of the department." If a generous corporation to whom the road's good will was a valuable business asset wanted to shower gifts on one of its officers why should he object?

This seems to have been a prevalent view on the Pennsylvania. Mr. Cassatt himself was quoted as saying in a New York interview that he "did not see why a man's brother or son shouldn't be interested in a coal company." Views of similar tenor were formerly held in the life insurance world in the matter of the use of policy-holders' funds for private profit. That such hazy notions of right and wrong could exist among men in positions of trust would excite astonishment if the country had not recently had so many examples of it.

It is evident from the Pennsylvania disclosures that there is need on that railroad of moral lessons of the kind the insurance officials received. If Mr. Cassatt is not able to inculcate them when he begins to "deal with the guilty," an investigating committee should. That is a most excellent method of clearing up confused moral ideas.

TRANSFERS ON DEMAND.

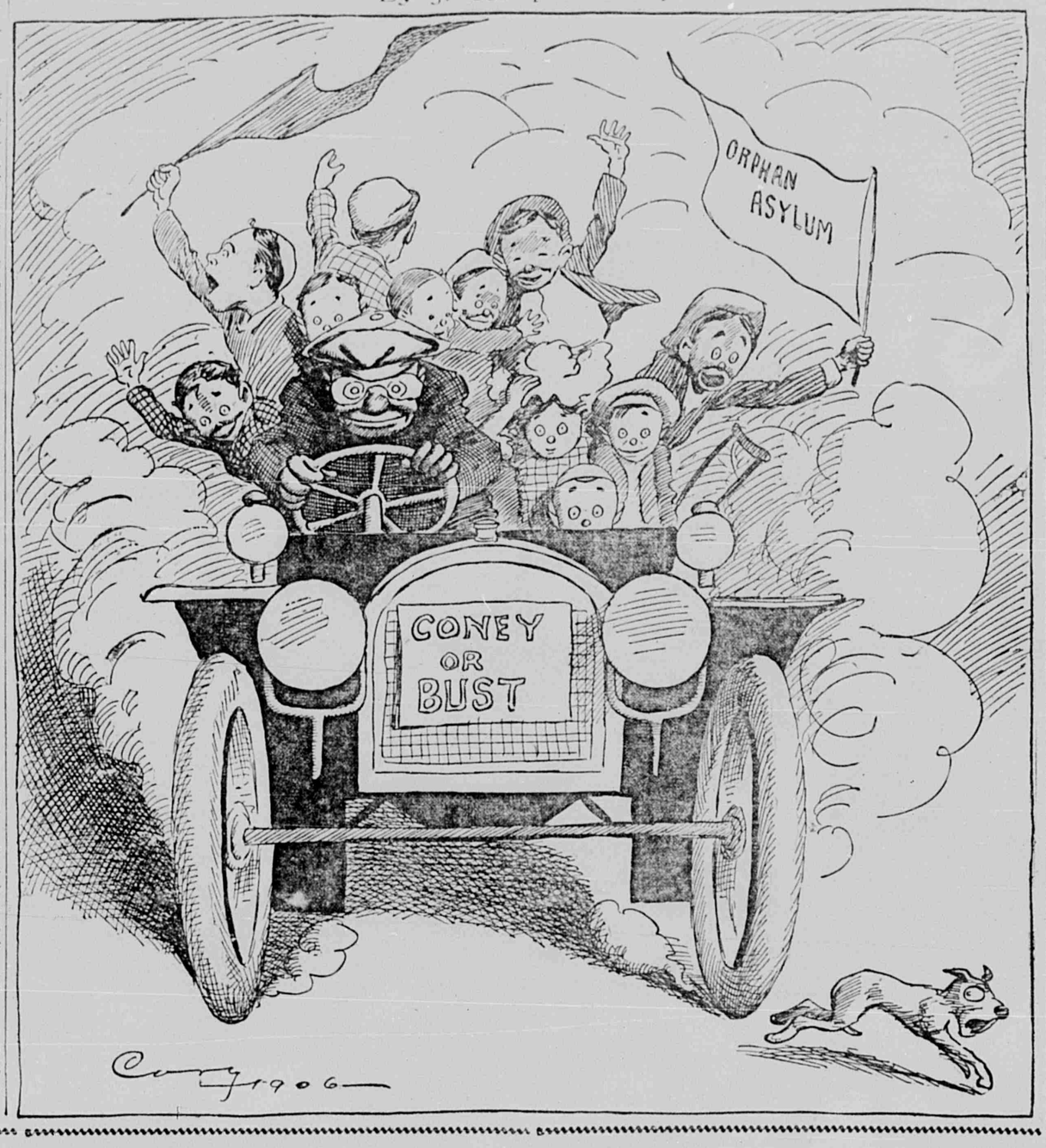
The New York City Railway Company gives notice that it will not change its rule that transfers must be asked for when the fare is paid unless compelled by the courts to do so. The company's general manager is credited with saying that this is its only remedy against an illegal traffic in transfers which costs the road $200,000 a year.

That is, it is swindled out of 4,000,000 rides and a considerable number of passengers are systematically engaged in the swindling. This is a somewhat extraordinary indictment of the honesty of the travelling public. But if the abuse exists to the extent alleged why does not the company abolish it by hunting down and prosecuting the persons who buy and sell transfers? If they make a regular business of this form of graft it must be a simple matter for the road's detectives to find them. As it is, the company by its regulation virtually holds its 300,000,000 passengers responsible for the sins of a comparatively few.

Some subtle legal problems are said to be involved in the question of the road's right to refuse transfers except under conditions of its own making. But if a passenger is entitled to a transfer when his car is miles away from the transfer point it is not clear why he is not entitled to it on reaching that point.

A Truce with the Speed Limit.

By J. Campbell Cory.



Says the HIGH-BROW:

By Martin Green.

"I THOUGHT I'd take my annual hike to the mountains this year," sighed the Low-Brow, "but it looks like the summer in town."

"Why not?" asked the High-Brow. "Why play the Rube two ways—by going to the country and remaining there? Emulate the wise Rube who saves up his money all winter and comes to New York to blow it in summer. Stick where it's easy to get anything you want.

"You'll hear people stalling you about the fresh air in the country. Inside of an hour from Brooklyn Bridge you can sit on the piazza of a first-class hotel, listen to a swell band squeeze out the latest music, have a man with a white apron keep everything necessary in front of him and inhale air off the bosom of the ocean that hasn't caressed anything but an occasional ship for thousands of miles. If you haven't got the price, walk out on the bridge, sit on a bench, and you are higher up in the air than half the mountains you hear about.

"There are no mosquitoes in New York in summer except when somebody drives the wind this way out of Paterson and it carries over a few from the Hackensack meadows. The fly nuisance in New York is reduced to a minimum. Everybody minds his or her own business in summer as well as all the year round. Your favorite restaurant is open and not so crowded as in the winter months, and there you get the pick of the stuff that is raised on the farm. The bum percentage is kept on the farm or sold to the country hotel.

"In the country or in the mountains if you want to go anywhere you have to ride in a rig furnished by a liveryman who regards you as a soft mark and proves his regard. In New York if you want some quiet, inexpensive enjoyment after dinner, when the heat has died out of the air, it is no trouble at all to get a seat on the back end of an open car, light up your cigar or cigarette or pipe and ride for miles and miles enjoying a panorama of life and beauty and magic such as the country cannot show.

"You have the roof gardens, Coney Island and the other resorts if you feel sporty or energetic, and if you feel like staying at home you can organize anything from a card party to a debauch and nobody pays any attention."

"But you don't get the beauties of nature in town," persisted the Low-Brow.

"Maybe not," agreed the High-Brow, "but we've got the country skinned to a finke on open plumbing and ice-boxes."

"MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER."

By CHARLES R. BARNES.

I.

A YOUNG girl sat demurely,
And drooped a weary head:
Her sweetheart was beside her,
And pityingly he said:
"Oh, I must wed an heiress—
A girl of wealth, my dear,"
At that she coyly whispered:
"My dad's the engineer!"

II.

The youth then recollected
The stories he had read
Of coal graft on the railroad;
The prospect turned his head.
He gasped in awed amazement:
"Why, what is this I hear?"
In accents soft she told him:
"My dad's the engineer!"

III.

"Oh, be my wife!" he urged her—
She saw her time had come,
And in a chilly silence
She munched her hunk of gum.
At last she rose and told him:
"You go away from here—
I'll trot with dukes and princes—
My dad's the engineer!"

The Masquerader by Katherine Cecil Thurston

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CHAPTER XXII.

(Continued.)

"SUCCEED? Oh, yes, he succeeded." She also smiled involuntarily. "Poor Ko Ko was stowed away under the luggage-van; and after quite a lot of trouble he pulled him out. When it was all done the dog was quite unhurt and livelier than ever, but the Englishman had his finger almost bitten through. Ko Ko was a dear, but his teeth and his temper were both very sharp!" She laughed once more in soft amusement.

Loder was silent for a second, then he too laughed—Chilcote's short, sarcastic laugh. "And you tied up the wound, I suppose?"

She glanced up, half displeased. "We were both staying at the little inn," she said, as though no further explanation could be needed. Then again her manner changed. She moved imperceptibly nearer and touched his right hand. His left, which was further away from her, was well in the shadow of the cushions.

"Jack," she said, caressingly, "it isn't to tell you this stupid old story that I've brought you here; it's really to tell you a sort of sequel." She stroked his hand gently once or twice. "As I say, I met this man and we—we had an affair. You understand? Then we quarrelled—quarrelled quite badly—and I came away. I've remembered him rather longer than I remember most people—he was one of those dogged individuals who stick in one's mind. But he has stayed in mine for another reason"— Again she looked up. "He has stayed because you helped to keep him there. You know how I have sometimes put my hands over your mouth and told you that your eyes reminded me of some one else? Well, that some one else was my Englishman. But you mustn't be jealous; he was a horrid, obstinate person, and you—well, you know what I think of you"— She pressed his hand. "But to come to the end of the story, I never saw this man since that long-ago time, until—until the night of Blanche's party!" She spoke slowly, to give full effect to her words; then she waited for his surprise.

But the result was not what she expected. He said nothing; and, with an abrupt movement, he drew his hand from between hers.

"Aren't you surprised?" she asked at last, with a delicate note of reproof.

He started slightly, as if recalled to the necessity of the moment. "Surprised?" he said. "Why should I be surprised? One person more or less at a big party isn't astonishing. Besides, you expect a man to turn up sooner or later in his own country. Why should I be surprised?"

She lay back luxuriously. "Because, my dear boy," she said, softly, "it's a mystery! It's one of those fascinating mysteries that come once in a lifetime."

Loder made no movement. "You must explain," he said, very quietly.

Lillian smiled. "That's just what I want to do When I was in my tent on the night of Blanche's party, a man came to be gazed for. He came just like anybody else, and laid his hands upon the table. He had strong, thin hands like—well, rather like yours. But he wore two rings on the third finger of his left hand—a heavy signet ring and a plain gold one."

Loder moved his hand imperceptibly till the cushion covered it. Lillian's words caused him no surprise, scarcely even any trepidation. He felt now that he had expected them, even waited for them, all along.

"I asked him to take off his rings," she went on, "and just for a second he hesitated—I could feel him hesitate; then he seemed to make up his mind, for he drew them off. He drew them off, Jack, and guess what I saw! Do guess!"

For the first time Loder involuntarily drew back into his corner of the couch. "I never guess," he said, brusquely.

"Then I'll tell you. His hands were the hands of my Englishman! The rings covered the scar made by Ko Ko's teeth. I knew it instantly—the second my eyes rested on it. It was the same scar that I had bound up dozens of times—that I had seen healed before I left Santasalare."

"And you? What did you do?" Loder felt it singularly difficult and unpleasant to speak.

"Ah, that's the point. That's where I was stupid and made my mistake. I should have spoken to him on the moment, but I didn't. You know how one sometimes hesitates. Afterward it was too late."

"But you saw him afterward—in the rooms?" Loder spoke unwillingly.

"No, I didn't—that's the other point. I didn't see him in the rooms and I haven't seen him since. Directly he was gone I left the tent—I pretended to be hungry and bored; but though I went through every room he was nowhere to be found. Once"—she hesitated and laughed again—"once I thought I had found him, but it was only you—you as you stood in that doorway with your mouth and chin hidden by Leonard Kaine's head. Wasn't it a quaint mistake?"

There was an uncertain pause. Then Loder, feeling the need of speech, broke the silence suddenly. "Where do I come in?" he asked abruptly, "What am I wanted for?"

"To help to throw light on the mystery! I've seen Blanche's list of people, and there wasn't a man I couldn't place—no outsider ever squeezes through Blanche's door. I have questioned Bobby Blessington, but he couldn't remember who came to the tent last. And Bobby was supposed to have kept count!" She spoke in deep scorn; but almost immediately the scorn faded and she smiled again. "Now that I've explained, Jack," she added, "what do you suggest?"

Then for the first time Loder knew what his presence in the room really meant; and at best the knowledge was disconcerting. It is not every day that a man is called upon to unearth himself.

"Suggest?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes. I'd rather have your idea of the affair than anybody else's. You are so dear and sarcastic and keen that you can't help getting straight at the middle of a fact."

Loder Found It Singularly Difficult and Unpleasant to Speak.

When Lillian wanted anything she could be very sweet. She suddenly dropped her half-petulant tone; she suddenly ceased to be a spoiled child. With a perfectly graceful movement she drew quite close to Loder and slid gently to her knees.

This is an attitude that few women can safely assume; it requires all the attributes of youth, suppleness, and a certain buoyant ease. But Lillian never acted without justification, and as she leaned toward Loder her face lifted, her slight figure and pale hair softened by the firelight, she made a picture that it would have been difficult to criticise.

But the person who should have appreciated it stared steadily beyond it to the fire. His mind was absorbed by one question—the question of how he might reasonably leave the house before discovery became assured.

Lillian, attentively watchful of him, saw the uneasy look, and her own face fell. But, as she looked, an inspiration came to her—a remembrance of many interviews with Chilcote smoothed and facilitated by the timely use of tobacco.

"Jack," she said, softly, "before you say another word I insist on your lighting a cigarette." She leaned forward, resting against his knee.

At her words Loder's eyes left the fire. His attention was suddenly needed for a new and more imminent difficulty. "Thanks!" he said, quickly. "I—I have no wish to smoke."

"It isn't a matter of what you wish but of what I say." She smiled. She knew that Chilcote with a cigarette between his lips was infinitely more tractable than Chilcote sitting idle, and she had no intention of ignoring the knowledge.

But Loder caught at her words. "Before you ordered me to smoke, he said, "you told me to give you some advice. Your first command must have prior claim." He grasped unhesitatingly at the less risky theme.

She looked up at him. "You're always nicer when you smoke," she persisted, caressingly. "Light a cigarette—and give me one."

Loder's mouth became set. "No," he said, "we'll stick to this advice business. It interests me."

"Yes—afterward."

"No, now. You want to find out why this Englishman from Italy was at your sister's party, and why he disappeared?"

There are times when a malignant obstinacy seems to affect certain people. The only answer Lillian made was to pass her hand over Loder's waistcoat, and, feeling his cigarette-case, to draw it from the pocket.

He affected not to see it. "Do you think he recognized you in that tent?" he insisted, desperately.

She held out the case. "Here are your cigarettes. You know we're always more social when we smoke."

In the short interval while she looked up into his face several ideas passed through Loder's mind. He thought of standing up suddenly and so regaining his advantage; he wondered quickly whether one hand could possibly suffice for the taking out and lighting of two cigarettes. Then all need for speculation was pushed suddenly aside.

Lillian, looking into his face, saw his fresh look of disturbance, and from long experience again changed her tactics. Laying the cigarette-case on the couch she put one hand on his shoulder, the other on his left arm. Hundreds of times this caressing touch had quieted Chilcote.

"Dear old boy!" she said, soothingly, her hand moving slowly down his arm.

In a flash of understanding the consequences of this position came to him. Action was imperative, at whatever risk. With an abrupt gesture he rose.

The movement was awkward. He got to his feet precipitately; Lillian drew back, surprised and startled, catching involuntarily at his left hand to steady her position.

Her fingers grasped at, then held his. He made no effort to release them. With a dogged acknowledgment he admitted himself worsted.

How long she stayed immovable, holding his hand, neither of them knew. The process of a woman's instinct is so subtle, so obscure, that it would be futile to apply to it the commonplace test of time. She kept her hold tenaciously, as though his fingers possessed some peculiar virtue; then at last she spoke.

"Rings, Jack?" she said, very slowly. And under the two short words a whole world of incredulity and surmise made itself felt.

Loder laughed.

At the sound she dropped his hand and rose from her knees. What her suspicions, what her instincts were she could not have clearly defined, but her action was unhesitating. Without a moment's uncertainty she turned to the fireplace, pressed the electric button, and flooded the room with light.

There is no force so demoralizing as unexpected light. Loder took a step backward, his hand hanging unguarded by his side; and Lillian, stepping forward, caught it again before he could protest. Lifting it quickly, she looked scrutinizingly at the two rings.

All women jump to conclusions, and it is extraordinary how seldom they jump short. Seeing only what Lillian saw, knowing only what she knew, no man would have staked a definite opinion; but the other sex takes a different view. As she stood gazing at the rings her thoughts and her conclusions sped through her mind like arrows—all aimed and all tending toward one point. She remembered the day when she and Chilcote talked of doubles, her scepticism and his vehement defense of the idea; his sudden interest in the book "Other Men's Shoes," and his anathema against life and its irksome round of duties. She remembered her own first convinced recognition of the eyes that had looked at her in the doorway of her sister's house; and, last of all, she remembered Chilcote's unaccountable avoidance of the same subject of likenesses when she had mentioned it yesterday driving through the park—and with it his unnecessary curt repudiation of his former opinions. She reviewed each item, then she raised her head slowly and looked at Loder.

He was prepared for the glance and met it steadily. In the long moment that her eyes searched his face it was she and not he who changed color. She was the first to speak. "You were the man whose hands I saw in the tent," she said. She made the statement in her usual soft tones, but a slight tremor of excitement underran her voice. Poodles, Persian kittens, even crystal gazing balls, seemed very far away in face of this tangible, fabulous, present interest. "You are not Jack Chilcote," she said, very slowly. "You are wearing his clothes, and speaking his voice, but you are not Jack Chilcote." Her tone quickened with a touch of excitement. "You needn't keep silent and look at me," she said. "I know quite well what I am saying—though I don't understand it, though I have no real proof"— She paused, momentarily disconcerted by her companion's silent and steady gaze, and in the pause a curious and unexpected thing occurred.

Loder laughed suddenly—a full, confident, reassured laugh. All the web that the past half-hour had spun about him, all the intolerable sense of an impending crash, lifted suddenly. He saw his way clearly—and it was Lillian who had opened his eyes.

Still looking at her, he smiled—a smile of reliant determination, such as Chilcote had never worn in his life. And with a calm gesture he released his hand.

"The greatest charm in woman is her imagination," he said, quietly. "Without it there would be no color in life; we would come into and drop out of it with the same uninteresting tone of drab reality." He paused and smiled again.

At his smile Lillian involuntarily drew back, the color deepening in her cheeks. "Why do you say that?" she asked.

He lifted his head. With each moment he felt more certain of himself. "Because that is my attitude," he said. "As a man I admire your imagination, but as a man I fail to follow your reasoning."

The words and the tone both stung her. "Do you realize the position?" she asked, sharply. "Do you realize that, whatever your plans are, I can spoil them?"

(To Be Continued.)